THE WITCH OF PRAGUE.

A Fantastic Tale.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of "MR. ISAACS," "DR. CLAU-DIUS," "A ROMAN SINGER," Etc.

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thought, that no one came to put out the

lamps. He thought of looking out into the vestibule beyond, to see whether the lights

were still burning there. To his great sur

prise he found the door securely fastened. Keyork Arabian had undoubtedly locked him

in, and to all intents and purposes he was

accompanied perhaps by Kafka. It imme-diately occurred to the Wanderer that he

could ring the bell. Somebody would cer-tainly come and let him out- But, dishking

the idea of entering into an explanation, he reserved that for an emergency. Had he at-tempted it, he would have been still further surprised to find that it would have pro-

duced no result. In going through the vestibule, Keyork had used Kafka's sharp knife to cut one of the slender silk-covered copper wires which passed out of

the conservatory on that side, communicating with the servants' quarters. He was perfectly acquainted with all such details of the household arrangements.

Keyork's precautions were in reality use

ess, and they merely illustrate the ruth-essly selfish character of the man. The

Wanderer would in all probability neither have attempted to leave the house with Kafka that night, nor to communicate with

he servants, even if he had been left free

to do either, and if no one had disturbed him in his watch. He was disturbed, how-

ever, and very unexpectedly, between 1:30

neveled woman with circled eyes, who came owards him under the bright light. She, oo, stood still when she saw him, starting

suddenly. She seemed to be very cold, for

she shivered visibly, and her teeth were chattering. Without the least protection

chattering. Without the least protection against the bitter night air, she had flee

bareheaded and cloakiess through the open streets from the church to her home.

derer. "But I hardly expected you to come back to-night," he added.

At the sound of his voice a strange smile came into her wan face and lingered there. She had not thought to hear him speak

again, kindly or unkindly, for she had come with the fixed determination to meet her death at Israel Kafka's hands, and to let

that be the end. Amid all the wild thoughts that had whirled through her brain as she ran home in the dark, that one had not once

changed.
"And Isrcal Kafka?" she asked, almost

Unorna came forward and the Wanderer showed her where the man lay upon a thick

carpet, wrapped in furs, his pale head sup-ported by a cushion.

"He is very ill." she said, almost under her breath. "Tell me what has happened."
It was like a dream to her. The tremen-dous excitement of what had happened in the convent had cut her off from the reali-

zation of what had gone before. Strange as it seemed even to herself, she scarcely comprehended the intimate connection be-

tween the two series of events, nor the

bearing of the one upon the other. Israel Kufka sank into such insignificance that she began to pity his condition, and it was

"He is there-asleen."

"You here!" she exclaimed in an unsteady

"Yes, I am still here," answered the Wan-

CHAPTER XXII. - (Continued.) The Wanderer drew a long breath of re-

will it last?" he inquired. as I tell!" returned Keyork -Unve you never heard of a syna prisoner. He suspected some treachers, but in this he was mistaken. Keyork's sole intention had been to insure himself from being disturbed in the course of the night by a second visit from the Wanderer, be you know nothing about any-

a moduced a bottle containing some as sait and was applying it to the as man's nostrils. The Wanderer conton to his instable temper and inc on. A long time passed, and

or that he cannot stay here, if he " the Wanderer said. ly clear that he cannot be torted Keyork.

o be in a very combative
the other answered sitting
at his watch, "If you
im, he ought to be brought infortable quarters for the mesent condition-of course,"

think he would be in danger on e think-I know." snarled the

showed a slight surprise of the answer, but said himself with watching keenly. He was by no be the very reverse of rehimself. For the present to be no danger. The punis of ammonia pervaded the underer knew that Kevorl other in the pocket of this judged that very little put an end to the life that a the balance. Nearly half before either spoke again. looked up. This time his h and persuasive. His irdisappeared, fired, he said, "Why do

Or else go to my house The Individual and I can the Wanderer, with a the where I am. I am not

had no interest in Kafka to die, though the believed that he had, though tile man was in reality or experiment, and he knew long as he was so nar-would be quite im-lu spite of his sneers

incive to reviving the pa e wished to let the flame of

over before making l each be had been carrying in months in the hope of accioneed for an oppor it. But to give it a fair ng to all previous ex-nt of death was past on the physician usually in his pocket and looks Possibly if Kafka, being ssistance, had shown n m to sink a little lower. use knew the smell and effects. He saw the chance experiment upon an excellen in proportion as they

le better." he said, disconother long juterval of sioutvering, and that the heathly livid than before, ened and stared dreamily

and the faint weath water sand Keyork, as though are not niways talking about kafka had closed his eyes

he was evidently returning to te. The Wanderer arranged amfortably under his head with his own furs. Ke-ng nil hopes of trying the

k we can take him home to red the Wanderer, spared for an III-tempered an-of for what Keyork actually the man got upon his feet and

he replied. There is noth but to keep him quiet. Good-red of all this nonsense, and to ose my night's rest for all

turned upon his heel, mak- ladividual, who had not place since Kafka had lost and who immediately fol and see him in the morn

ck, carelessly, as he disap-of among the plants, his eyes gleamed angrily as the departing sage, enculated, in a very aud-

mew why he was so angr below called himself his friend, belowed no worse than an or, for he had stayed until the and had promised to come ning. It was his cool way forther responsibility and further trouble which Wanderer's resentments, as implement position in which

hard to remember that the Wanderer was the man whom Beatrice had loved, and of whom she had spoken so long and so passionately. She found, too, an unreasoned joy in being once more by his side, no mat-ter under what conditions. In that happimainly not anticipated being of a sick man—and that sick fsa—in Unorna's house for ness, one-sided and unshared, she forgot ht, and he did not enjoy the everything else. he more detail of having to Beatrice had been a dream, a vision, an unreal shadow. Kafka was nothing to her, and yet everything, as she suddenly saw, othess come before long to ex lights, was far from pleasant bough Keyerk had declared the since ne constituted a bond between her and the man she loved, which would at least outlast the night. In a flash she saw danger, there seemed no y that a relapse would not that the Wanderer would not leave her alone with the Moravian, and that the latand Kafka

before morning, and Kafka ter could not be moved for the present without danger to his life. They must watch together by his side through the long hours. Who could tell what the night only satisfaction lay in the delisive enough—that Unorna turn until the following day. 5 care to take upon himself the y of balling some one to help moving the Moravian in his lition. The man was still very As the new development of the situation presented itself, the color rose again to her cheeks. The warmth of the conservatory, ther altogether unconscious, or sleep of exhaustion. The too, dispelled the chill that had penetrated her, and the familiar odors of the flowers contributed to restore the lost equilibrium e alght air might bring on im-i fatal consequences. He ex-in closely, and came to the conhe was really asleep. To wake be absolutely cruel, as well as He looked kindly at the weary on began to walk up and down

change had taken place.

silence in the house, or rather, the tich was carefully provided for in rvatory impressed itself upon him

began to wonder :

of mind and body.
"Tell me what has happened?" she said again. In the fewest possible words the Wand-In the fewest possible words the Wand-erer told her all that had occurred up to the moment of her coming, not omitting the de-tail of the locked door.

"And for what reason do you suppose that Keyerk shut you in?" she asked.

"I do not know," the Wanderer answered.
"I do not trust him, though I have known him so lofts." the plants, coming back at the ery turn to look again and assure

would bring forth?

him so long."

him so long."

'It was mere selfishness," said Unorna,
for the first time. It was strange, he
scornfully. "I know him better than you

do. He was afraid you would disturb him again in the night."

The Wanderer said nothing, wondering

how any man could be so elaborately thoughtful of his own confort.

"There is no help for it." Unorna said, "we must watch together." "I see no other way." the Wanderer answered indifferently.

He placed a chair for her to sit in, within

sight of the sick man, and took one himself, wondering at the strange situation, and yet not caring to ask Unorna what had brought her back, so breathless and so pale, at such an hour. He believed, not unnaturally, that her motive had been either anxiety for himself or the irresistible longing to see him again, coupled with a distrust of his promise to return when she should send for him. It seemed best to accept her appearance without question, lest an inquiry should lead to a fresh outburst, more un-bearable now than before, since there seemed to be no way of leaving the house without exposing her to danger. A nervous man like Israel Kafkamight spring up at any moment and do something desperate

After they had taken their places the ilence lasted some moments.

"You did not believe all that I told you this evening?" said Unorna, softly, with an interrogation in her voice.

"No," the Wanderer answered, quietly,

"I am glad of that—I was mad when I spoke."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Wanderer was not inclined to deny the statement, which accorded well enough with his total disbelief of the story Unorna had told him. But he did not answer her immediately, for he found himself in a very difficult position. He would neither do any-thing in the least discourteous, beyond admitting frankly that he had not believed her, when she taxed him with incredulity; nor would say anything which might serve her as a stepping-stone for returning to the original situation. He was, perhaps, in-clined to blame her somewhat less than at first, and her changed manner in speaking of Kafka somewhat encouraged his leni ency. A man will forgive, or at least con done, much harshness to others when he is thoroughly aware that it has been exhibited out of love for himself; and



a man of the Wanderer's character cannot help feeling a sort of chival-rous respect and delicate forbearance for a More than once he had remained seated for a long time, but his eyes were growing heavy, and he roused himself and walked again until he was thoroughly awake. It was certainly true that of all the persons concerned in the events of the day, except woman who loves him sincerely, though against his will, while he will avoid with almost exaggerated prudence the least word Reyork, he had endergone the least bodily fatigue and mental excitement. But even to the strongest, the hours of the night which could be interpreted as an expres-sion of reciprocal tenderness. He runs the risk, at the same time, of being thrust into the rediculons position of a man who, though young assumes the manner and speech of age, and delivers himself of spent in watching by a sick person seen endless, when there is not really strong per sonal anxiety left. He was undoubtedly in grave, paternal advice to one who looks terested in Kafka's fate, and was resolved upon him, not as an elder, but as her chosen mate. to protect him, as well as to hinder him from committing any act of folly. But he hadonly met him for the first time that very afternoon, and under circumstances which had not in

After Unorna had spoken, the Wanderer, therefore, held his peace. He inclined his head a little, as though to admit that her plea of madness might not be wholly im the first instance suggested even the pos bility of a friendship between the two. His position toward Israel Kafka was alto-gether unexpected, and what he felt was aginary; but he said nothing. He sat look-ing at Israel Kafka's sleeping face and outstretched form, inwardly wondering whether the hours would seem very long before Keyork Arabian returned in the more than pity for his sufferings, and dignation against those who had caused morning and put an end to the situation. When the door was suddenly opened he Unorna waited in vain for some response stood still in his walk and faced it. He hardly recognized Unorna in the pale, dis and at last spoke again.
"Yes," she said, "I was mad! You can-

not understand it. I daresay you cannot even understand how I can speak of it now, and yet I cannot help speaking."

continued. "Do not oblige me to say any-thing about it. It will be much safer. You know it all better than I do, and you under-stand your own reasons, as I never can. If you are sorry for him now, so much the bet ter-you will not hurt him any more if you can help it. If you will say that much about the future I shall be very glad I confess."
"Do not think that there is anything which I will not do if you ask it," Unorna asked very earnestly.
"I do not know," the wanderer answered, trying to seem to ignore the meaning conveyed by her tone. "Somethings are harder to do than others—" "Ask me the hardest!" she exclaimed. "Ask me to tell you the whole truth—"
"No," he said firmly, in the hope of checking an outbreak of passionate speech.

What you have thought and done is no concern of mine. If you have done anything that you are sorry for, without my knowledge. I do not wish to know it. I have seen you do many good and kind acts during the last month, and I would rather leave these memories untouched as far as possible. You may have have had an object in doing them which in itself was bad. I do not care. The deeds were good. Take credit for them and

let me give you credit for them. That will do neither of us any harm."

"I could tell you—if you would let me."

"Do not tell me," he interrupted. "I repeat that I do not wish to know. The one thing that I ha: seen is bad enough. Let that be all. Do you not see that? Besides, I am myself the cause of it in a measure— unwilling enough. Heaven knows!" "The only cause," said Unorna bitterly.

"Then I am in some way responsible, am not quite without blame—we men never are in such cases. If I reproach you, must reproach myself as well-"Reproach myself as weii—
"Reproach yourself—sh. no! What can
you say against yourself?" she could not
keep the love out of her voice, if she would;

her bitterness had been for herself.
"I will not go into that," he answered "I am to blame in one way or another. Let us say no more about it. Will you let the

"And let bygones be bygones, and be friends to each other, as we were this morning?" she asked with a ray of hope. The Wanderer was silent for a few sec-His difficulties were increasing. A while ago he had told her, as an excuse for herself, that men and women did not always mean what they said, and even now he did not set himself up in his own mind as an exception to the rule. Very honora-ble and truthful men do not act upon any set principles in regard to truth and honor. Their instinctively brave actions, and nat-urally noble truthfulness make those principals which are held up to the unworthy for imitation by those whose business is the teaching of what is good. The Wanderer's only hesitation lay between answering the question and not answering it.
"Shall we be friends again?" Unorna

asked asked a second time, in a low tone "Shall we go back to the beginning?"
"I do not see how that is possible," he an wered, slowly. Unorna was not like him and did not understand such a nature as his, as she un-derstood Keyork Arabian. She had be-lieved that he would at least hold out some

You might have spared me that," she said, turning her face away. There were

tears in her voice.

A few hours earlier his answer would have brought fire to her eyes and anger to her voice. But a real change had come over her, not lasting, perhaps, but strong in its immediate effects. Not even a little friendship left?" she

said, breaking the silence that followed. "I cannot change myself," he answered almost wishing that he could. "I ought perhaps," he added, as though speaking to himself, "I have done harm enough as it is."
"Harm? To whom?" She looked round
suddenly, and he saw the moisture in her

eyes.
"To him," he replied, glancing at Kafka,
"and to you. You loved him once. I have
ruined his life." "Loved him? No-I never loved him." She shook her head, wondering whether

she spoke the truth. You must have made him think so."

1? No—he is mad." But she she fore his honest look, and sudd broke down. "No-I will not lie to you-you are too true-yes, I loved him, or I thought I did until you came, and I saw that there

But she checked herself, as she felt the still, and still be ashamed. Even she not all bad, now that she was calm and that the change had come over her.

"You see," the Wanderer said, gently, "I am to blame for it all."
"For it all? No—not for the thousandth part of it all. What blame have you in being what you are? Blame God in Heaven— for making such a man. Blame me for what you know, blame me for all that you will not let me tell you. Blame Kafka for his mad belief in me, and Keyork Arabian for the rest-but do not blame yourself-



HE PLACED A CHAIR FOR HER.

Her manner was more natural and oh, no. Not that!" quiet than it had been since the moment of Kafka's appearance in the cemetery. The Wanderer noticed moment of Kaika's appearance the cemetery. The Wanderer noticed the tone. There was an element of real sadness in it, with a leaven of disappointment and a savor of heartfelt contrition. She was in earnest now, as she had been before, but in a different way. He could hardly refuse her a word in answer.

"Unorna," he said, gravely, "remember that you are leaving me no choice. I cannot leave you alone with that poor fellow, and so, whatever you wish to say, I must hear. But it would be much better to say nothing about what has happened this evening— better for you and me. Neither men nor women always mean exactly what they nor women always mean exactly what they say. We are not angels. Is it not best to let the matter drop?"

Unorna listened quietly, her eyes upon

"You are not so hard with me as you were," she said, thoughtfully, after a mo-ment's hesitation, and there was a touch of gratitude in her voice. As she felt the dim possibility of a return to her former rela-tions of friendship with him. Beatrice and the scene in the church seemed to be very far away. Again the Wanderer found it

far away. Again the Wanterer found of difficult to answer.
"It is not for me to be hard, as you call it," he said quietly. There was a scarcely perceptible smile on his face, brought there

"Do not talk like that, Unorna," he said.
"Be just first."
"What is justice?" she asked. Then she turned her head away again. "If you knew what justice means for me you would not ask me to be just. You would be more

"You exaggerate—" he spoke kindly, but she interrupted him. "No. You do not know, that is all. And

"No. You do not know, that is all. And you can never guess. There is only one man living who could imagine such things as I have done and tried to do. He is Keyork Arabian. But he would have been wiser than I, perhaps."

She relapsed into silence. Before her rose the dim altar in the church, the shadowy figure of Beatrice standing up in the dark, the horrible sacrilege that was to have been done. Her face grew dark with fear of her own soul. The Wanderer went so far as to try and distract her from her gloomy thoughts, out of pure kindness of heart.

"I am no theologian" he said "that I fancy."

"I am no theologian," he said, "but I fancy that in the long run the intention goes for more than the act."

"The intention!" she cried, looking back

with a start.

With a shudder she buried ber face in her two hands, pressing them to her eyes as though to blind them from some awful sight. Then, with a short struggle, she

not by any feeling of satisfaction, but by his not by any feeling of saits action. See seuse of his own almost laughable perplexity. He saw that he was very near being driven to the ridiculous necessity of giving driven to the ridiculous necessity of giving "There is no forgiveness for me in heaven," she said. "Shall there be none on earth? Not even a little, from you to her some advice of the paternal kind. "It is not for me, either, to talk to you of what you have done to Israel Kafka to-day." he

There is no question of forgiveness be tween you and me. You have not injured me, but Israel Kafka. Judge for yourself which of us two, he or I, has anything to forgive. I am to-day what I was yesterday, and may be to-morrow. He lies there, dying of his love for you, if ever a man died for love. And, as though that were not enough, you have tortured him-well, I will not speak of it. But that is all. I know noth ing of the deeds, or intentions, of which you accuse yourself. You are tired, over-wrought, worn out with all this—what shall I say! It is natural enough, I sup-

You say there is no question of forgiveness." she said, interrupting him, but speaking more calmly. "What is it, then? What is the real question? If you have nothing to forgive, why can we not be

friends, as we were before?"

"There is something besides that needed. It is not enough that of two people neither should have injured the other. You have broken something—destroyed something—I cannot mend it. I wish I could."

"You wish you could." she reneated.

"You wish you could?" she repeated, earnestly.

"I wish that the thing had not been done. I wish that I had not seen what I saw to-day. We should be where we were this morning—and he, perhaps, would not be been "I". "It must have come some day," Unerna

"If must have come some day," Unerna said. "He must have seen that I loved— that I loved you. Is there any use in not speaking plainly now? Then at some other time, in some other place, he would have done what he did, and I would have been angry and cruel—for it is my nature to be cruel when I am angry, and to be angry easily, at that. Men talk so easily of self-control, and self-command and dignity and self-respect! They have not loved—that is all. I am not angry now, nor cruel. I am sorry for what I did, and I would undo it. if deeds were knots and wishes deeds. I am sorry, beyond all words to tell you. How poor it sounds, now that I have said it! You do not even believe me." "You are wrong. I know that you are in

"How do you know?" she asked bitterly "Have I never lied to you! If you believed me, you would forgive me. If you forgave me, your friendship would come back. I can not even swear to you that I am telling the truth. Heaven would not be my witnessessing the truth. ness now if Itold a thousand truths, each truer than the last,"
"I have nothing to forgive," the Wan-

"I have nothing to forgive." the Wanderer said, almost wearily. "I have told you so, you have not injured me, but him."
"But if it meant a whole world to me—no, for I am nothing to you—but if it cost you nothing but the little breath that can carry the three words—would you say it? Is it much to say? Is it like saying, I love you, or, I honor you, respect you? It is so

"To me it can mean nothing, unless you ask me to forgive you deeds of which I know nothing. And then it means still less

'Will you say it? Only say the three "I forgive you," said the Wanderer, quietly, It cost him nothing, and, to him. meant less.

Unorna bent her head and was silent. It was something to have heard him say it, though he could not guess the least of the sins which she made it include. She her-self hardly knew why she had so insisted. Perhaps it was only the longing to hear words kind in themselves, if not in tone, not in his meaning of them. Possibly, too, she felt a dim presumption of her coming end, and would take with her that infigitesimal grain of pardon to the state in which she hoped for no other forgiveness. "It was good of you to say it," she said

A long silence followed, during which the thoughts of each went their own way. Suddenly Israel Kafka stirred in his sleep. The Wanderer went quickly forward and knelt down beside him and arranged the silken pillow as best he could. Uporna was an the other side almost as soon. With a tenderness of expression and touch which nothing can describe, she moved the sleeping head into a comfortable position and smoothed the cushion and drew up the furs turbed by the nervous hands. The Wan ther have her way. When she had their eyes met. He could not tell the was asking his approval or a

couragement, but he withheld neither.

"You are very gentle with him. He would than you if he could than you if he could than you have tell me to be kind to him?" she said, "I am keeping my ord. But he would not thank me. He would kill me if he worm awake."

the were awake."

The Wanderer shook hise fi.
"He was ill and mad with pain," he are wered. "He did not know what he waloing. When he wakes it will be differ. wered.

Unorna rose, and the Wanderer followed 'You cannot believe that I care," she

"You cannot believe that I care," sne said, as she resumed her seat. "He is not you. My soul would not be the nearer to peace for a word of his."

For a long time she sat quite still, her hands tying idly in her lap, her head bent wearily as though she bore a heavy burden. "Can you not rest?" the Wanderer asked "I can watch alone I can not rest. I shall never rest

The words came slowly, as though spoken "Do you bid me go!" she asked after a time, looking up and seeing his eyes fixed

"Bid you go? In your own house?" The tone was one of ordinary courtesy. Unorma smiled sadly "I would rather you struck me than that you speak to me like that?" she exclaimed.

"You have no need of such civil forbearance with me. If you bid me go, I will go. If you bid me stay, I will not move. Only speak frankly. Say which you would pre Then stay," said the Wauderer simply,

(TO BE CONTINUED.) COAL AND PETROLEUM.

Considerable Area of Brown and Coleman Countles Underlaid With It. SANTA ANNA, TEX., May 9, 1891.

Having spent considerable time in Brown and Coleman counties in search of coal and petroleum, I have found a considerable area of this country underlaid with coal varying in thickness from a few inches to varying in thickness from a few inches to thirty inches. There are three veins of workable coal and eight coal measures found so far. The coal is not persistent or continuous in either one of the three veins of workable coal, but they are all "patch fields." In one locality the coal is of good quality while the same same is of good quality, while the same seam is "imperfect coal" a few miles distant. How-ever, there is a sufficient amount of ter-ritory to furnish all the demands for fuel to the counties east and west for genera-tions to come, and ultimately this coal field must furnish the farmers to the west with fuel, as there is no prospects of ever finding coal to the west for at least two hundred miles. There is but one mine being operated now in this county (Cole-man). There is no doubt any longer as to the oil supply. The well at Brownwood has passed down through two oil-bearing sandstones, and bids fair at this writing to prove a bonanza to its owners. The heavy body of shale of at least twelve hundred body of smale of at least tweeve fundred feet overlying the second "oil" sand insures a great quantity of oil in parts of both Coleman and Brown counties, and I have no doubt that in a short time this coun-try will become as famous for producing lubricating oil as West Virginia. The coal and oil industries of this country will and oil industries of this country eventually add millions of dollars to wealth of this favored region that is tributary to Fort Worth.

B. F. GILTNER, Geologist.

New York, May 15.—James F. Ward & Co., shipping merchants, received a cable-gram to-day from Buenos Ayres stating that gold there had reached 3.90 premium, the highest rate ever known in the Argentine Republic. Ward said that this would seem to indicate that something serious had beauenad there.



No. 100 .- An Enigma. There was a castle built whose marble walls Were spotless as December's crystal drift; No portal wide, nor postern gate, nor rift Gave easy entrance to its secret halls

Arched were its ceilings, and a curtain soft And seamless as the overspreading bine. That bounds the farthest stretch of mor

Lined the whole structure round alow slott. It bears within a calm and tidoless sea Of silver, lucid as the morning light; Upon its tranquil breast, superbly bright,

A golden orb floats ever peacefully. No living form, nor hurrying feet nor eye

Have ever pierced those deep and voicele Yet roistering life, with wily escape

Burst from its walls to bide its time and die. No. 101.-A Scene in English History.



No. 102 .- A Jeweled Ornament. One-fifth of coral, one-fifth of pearl, one fifth of agate, one-fifth of stone, one-titth of topaz, properly combined, will form an exportant part of a bracelet.

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From 1 to 2, a castle; from 2 to 4, referees; from 1 to 3, a large kettle; from 3 to 4, races; from 5 to 6, clear; from 6 to 3, fatiguing; from 5 to 7, oriental; from 7 to 8, opinions; from 1 to 5, to give up; from 2 to 6, one: from 4 to 8, drinks a little at a time; from 3 to 7, part of the day. 4

No. 104.-A Money Problem What is the least sum that can be raid either with quarters, with dimes or with three cent piece?

> No. 105.-Connected Syllables.

> >

The first word, of seven, a word meaning "on the contrary;" the second, of five, an autumn flower of different colors, both wild and cultivated: the cultivated is double; it is not fragrant, but is a favorite for its beauty and hardiness; the third, of seven, "a raised bank covered with turb seen in ornamental gardens and elsewhere; the fourth, of five, "a race horse;" the fifth, of eight, "a solemn religious act," "a rite."

Fickle and false has often been my FIRST, For the sake of the SECOND the ground oursed. Correct.

Feminine you should always call my TRISD.

Although it is neither beast, fish nor bird.

Of WHOLE my SECOND must have a good should be a good should

Or surely my prest his efforts will mook No. 107 .- A Nest of Birds. 1. To murder, and a graceful animal. A tract of low land, and a jolly time. 3. A

a disciple 1: worthless do the autho

esketches of the grounds Perhaps he will know. 8. Who will please to open the door for

4. I think I will, with pleasure. 5. This is a blot-terrible blot-upon Markham's character.

A Masterpiece.
In color are my Marie's eyes
Like sapphires in the night,
And in their joyous radiancies
Like diamonds in the light: Her lips are dainty rubies twain Like cherubs of the spring; My heart doth yearn to hear again Her laugh of silvery ring; Her ears unfold like comi she in tint, in curve, in curt. Her speech perfume of amber And falls with gestle puci:

Ah! true thou art a jewei, love, A masterpiece of oid, But better still than all above, Her pa is eighteen kurat gold. The Right Kind of Dog. For a compositor, a setter. For military men, dogs of war. For a messenger boy, a terrier.

For an angry mother, a ma's wiff. For an explorer, a Newfoundland. For a man who has lost his fortune, a me-Key to the Peurler. No. 91.-Biddie: Air. No. 93.-Metagram: Bather, Father,

For a balloonist, a Skye terrior.

For a millionaire, a deer bound

No. 98.—Transpositions: S No. 94.—Crossword Enigma: Spring. No. 95.—A National Air: The Star Span

No. 96.-Byron Illustrated: My boat is on the shore
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee

No. 97.-Word Squares: Fowl ogre wren e bre

No. 98.-Nets to Catch Puzzlers With: 1. Bonnet. 2. Cygnet. 3. Geznet. 4. Cornet. 5. Sennet. 6. Hornet. 7. Signet. 8. Mignonette. 9. Linnet. 10. Spinet. 11.

Gannet. 12. Genet.
No. 99.—Syrcopations; 1. S(tar)e. 2.
B(rig)ht. 3. B(rave)d. 4. P(rice)d. Italians Stoned by a Crowd-

CHAMPAIGN, I.L., May 15.—A carload of Italian laborers who came here to replace the discharged section hands, were attacked by a crowd and stoned. The Italians retreated into their car, several being injured by the infuriated crowd. The foreigners were taken back to Chicago on the setum train return train.

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Talk at Washington and in the Navy Department.

CHILIAN REVOL

IT WILL END IN SIXTY DAYS.

So States an Engineer Who Has Returned from Chili-The Report of Conflict Denied-The Esmeralda Touches at Acapulco.

The Rebellion Will Not Last Sixty Days. New York, May 14 .- A railroad engineer and contractor just arrived from Chili yes-terday said that nearly all of the cabled accounts of the battles in Chili between the government and the insurgents were doc-tored by the English. The insurgents had not gained a single battle of any conse-quence since the rebellion began. The only territory controlled by the insurgents was that of Iquique, Antafagosta and two other places. It is believed that the rebellion will not last sixty days.

No News of the Charleston. Washington, May 14.—No news of the Etata or Charleston is at the navy depart-ment this morning. No credence is given to the report that the Charleston sunk the

A Conflict Denied. Citr of Mexico, May 14.—The government denies that any Chilian ships had touched at a Mexican port up to a late hour last night, or that a conflict took place near Sar Blas, as run ored and published by the

Esmeralda Heard From CITY OF MEXICO, May 14.-A delayed telegram from Acapulco states that the Es-meralda left that port this day after having requested several favors which were re fused. The Esmeralda was well armed and equipped. She received telegrams from the United States and then went to meet the Etata.

A Manzanillo telegram claims a fishing boat was nearly run down before daylight by a large steamer without lights, bound north, supposed to be the intergent cruiser